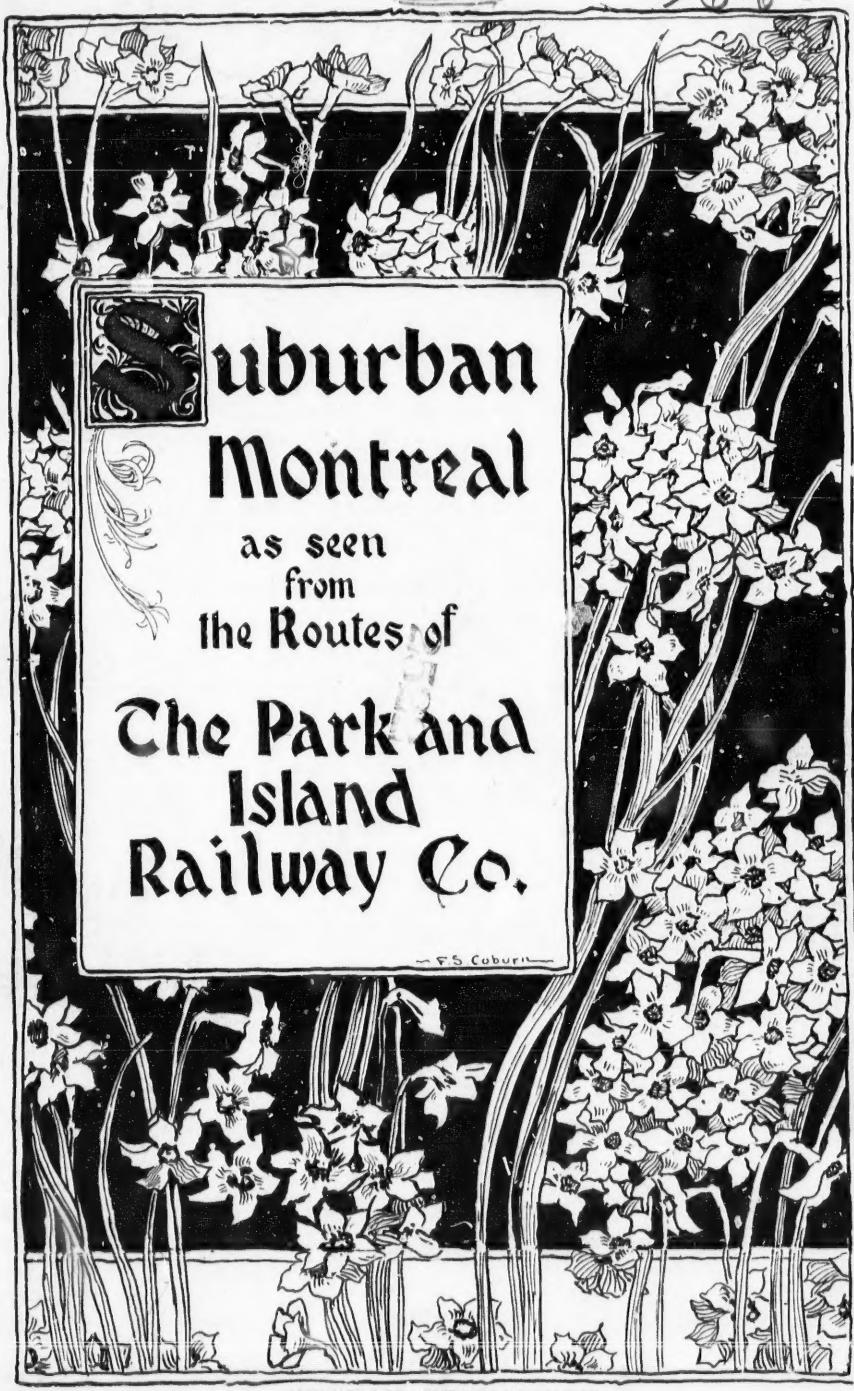
Circa 1895

1665



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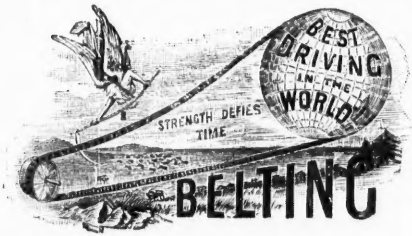

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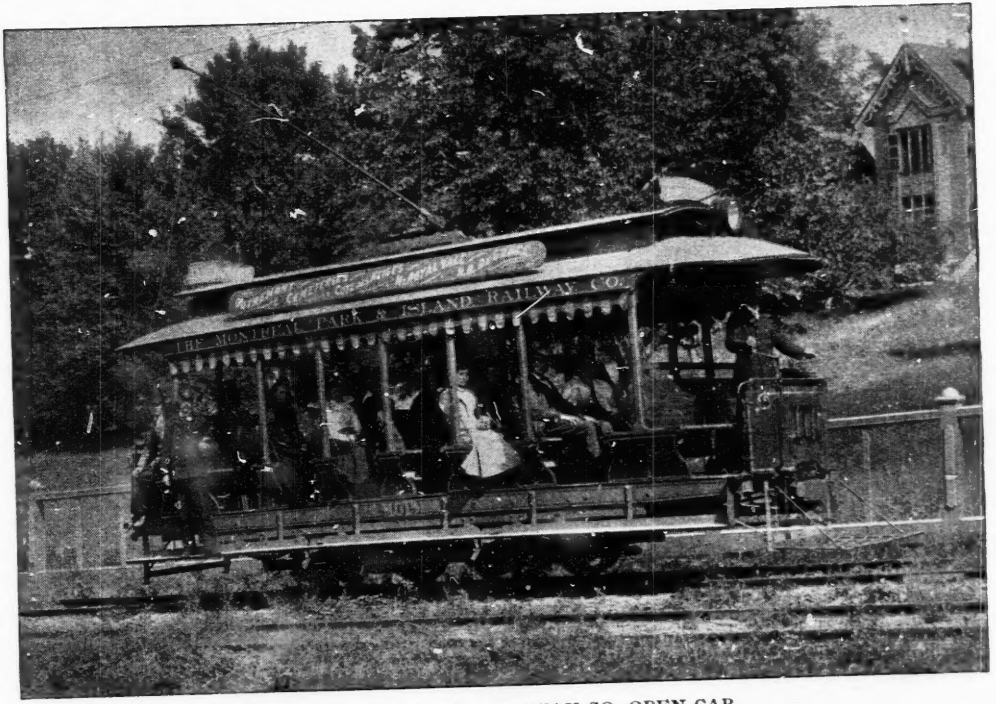
Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

MRS. HEMANS.



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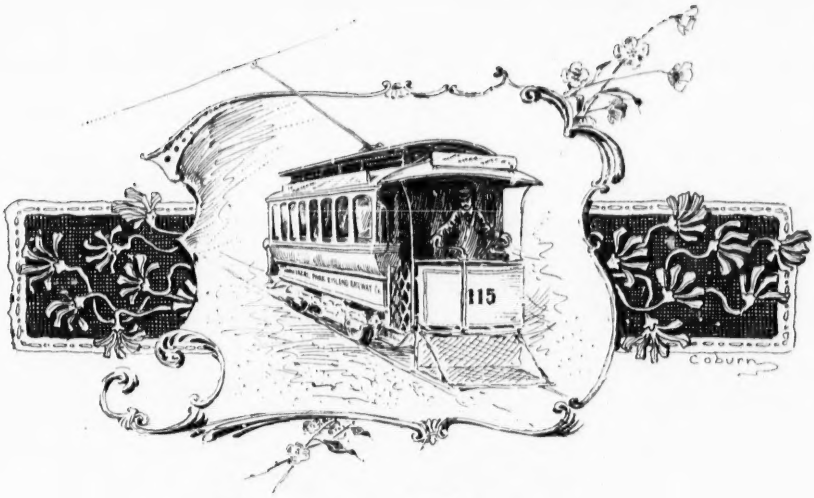


A PARK & ISLAND RAILWAY CO. OPEN CAR.

Suburban Montreal.

THAT Montreal is one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in the whole broad world is a fact so generally acknowledged, as to make any attempt at proving the truth of the statement unnecessary. Those of us who live here have the fact so frequently brought to our minds by our more æsthetically enthusiastic fellow citizens that we have little chance of forgetting it, even were we personally utterly unsusceptible to the constant claims to admiration of our natural surroundings.

Montrealers are proud of their city. When the irrepressible newspaper interviewer sweeps down upon an unsuspecting stranger of eminence the moment after he arrives in the city, the distinguished visitor is not asked to unburden himself of the special information or expression of opinion which the scribe is itching to see inscribed on the pages of his note-book, until his opinion has been asked of Montreal and the Mountain. Such used to be one of the standing jokes of the local journalistic profession anyway. If Montreal people are proud of their city, strangers come here but to admire its beauty.

Yet it is only within the last two or three years that Montreal's own citizens, or the strangers within her gates, have had the opportunity to see the city as it should be seen.

To understand Montreal's extent and appreciate her position in the world, visit the thrifty family of rapidly developing suburban municipalities which has grown up around her. Study what may fairly be considered the highest development of her cultured home life and domestic happiness in the cozy villas, verdant lawns and gay gardens of a dozen suburbs. Acquaint yourself with the cleanly, modest homesteads that cluster around the busy hives of industry in the great manufacturing outskirts of the Canadian metropolis. Pass out along shady country roads, past laden orchards, yellow cornfields, prolific market gardens and verdant pastures. Make yourself acquainted with that quality so rarely enjoyed in these bustling grasping, struggling days' contentment. Visit that paragon of happy contentment, the industrious, interesting "habitant" or French-Canadian farmer, as he tills his narrow strip of farm land, and satisfies himself, honest soul, with the comfortable reflection that so long as he lives his farm will produce enough to feed and clothe himself and family, and that consequently he has no cause to worry. Even our good republican neighbours will put themselves out to catch a glimpse of one of their so-called great men whose only claim to distinction is their accumulated wealth. In the "habitant" they can find an individual immeasurably more wealthy than their richest millionaire.

Having visited the outskirts and surroundings of the city, see the view from the Mountain, and you have seen Montreal and its environments.

How many Montrealers know Montreal? Probably they all think they do, but do they? The city proper, the closely built business quarter, where men swelter out the summer days in the confinement of their great palaces of

"You catch glimpses of palatial residences almost hidden."

commerce, they are familiar with. So are they, more or less, with the more populous residential quarters, where seclusiveness and man's inherent love of a peaceful, restful home have succeeded so far in resisting the invasion of trade. But it is only Little Montreal that is comprised within the thirteen wards of the city corporation Montreal really extends far beyond its municipal limits. The men who do the business of the city, who have brought to Montreal the trade of half a continent, are looking beyond the limits of the city for homes. Although man is pre-eminently a sociable animal, he prefers an isolated dwelling, if he can acquire it. He is neighborly, but he prefers a home surrounded by flower gardens rather than one hemmed in by the houses of his neighbors, as in the confined city. So, when a man has acquired the means to provide himself with an ideal residence and is not prepared to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars for a site to build it on, he has to go beyond the city limits for a location. So it comes that the country contiguous to the busy city, is the home of thousands of Montrealers. It appears to be only a question of time before the whole of this fertile island can fairly be described as Greater Montreal.

What fairer country on earth either, than this great district so rapidly being dotted with the homes of Montreal people! Scenes of rural beauty there are to enchant the artist and inspire the poet, while historical associations cling to picturesque spots and quaint structures, to inspire the patriotism of the Canadian and excite the interest and the admiration of the stranger. If the people of Montreal have been comparatively ignorant of the natural beauties of the lovely country contiguous to their fair city, they have no excuse for continuing unenlightened any longer. Like many other good things we enjoy in this latter part of the nineteenth century, we owe this boon to that subtle power, that very latest and most up to date necromancer, electricity.

Heretofore rural Montreal has been comparatively a sealed book to Montrealers because the highway was the only means available to reach its solitudes. Every citizen of Montreal does not own a horse nor has he the time to indulge in long drives, and none of us enjoy the blinding dust of a country highway.

To have desecrated the adjacent rural paradise with the dust, the cinders and the screeching of the steam railway would have been sacrilege; but railway there had to be.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.

Where the steam railway, with its objectionable locomotives, would have meant complete ruination to the natural beauties of the verdure-clad country, the electric railway has been introduced, giving perfect communication between the very heart of the city and some of the most remote and most lovely parts of the surrounding country. The country has virtually been brought to the city, and the magician that has accomplished it all is the Montreal Park and Island Railway.

So far this rapidly extended and carefully planned system is in an incomplete state of development. Each season sees at least one new line of the system completed,

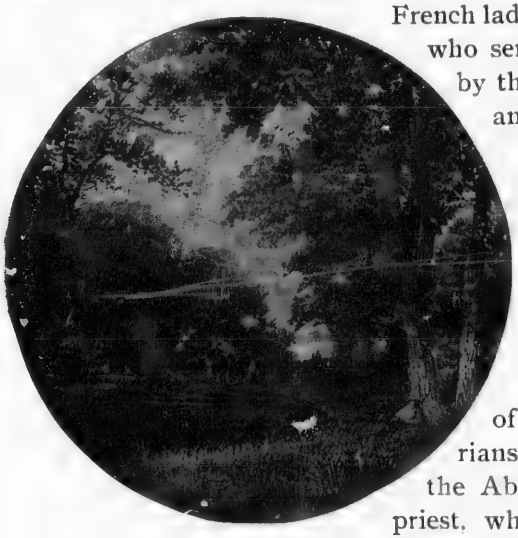
and another picturesque part of this lovely Island of Montreal opened up to the inspection and admiration of citizens and tourists. Before long its system will include a net work of tracks grid-ironing the whole island. At the moment of writing the company is operating two main routes. One of these runs up St. Lawrence street, thence straight across country to Sault-au-Recollet, on the Rivière-des-Prairies, as the arm of the Ottawa River which washes the northern shores of the Island of Montreal is called. From this point lines are now being built in both an easterly and a westerly direction along the bank of the river. The other route now in operation runs up Bleury Street and Park Avenue and makes a complete circuit of both Mountains, connecting with the Street Railway Company's system at Westmount.

A trip over either of the Company's present routes is a great treat, enabling a tourist, with the minimum of discomfort, to enjoy a magnificent succession of pretty landscapes. And pretty landscapes, like pretty faces, have ever been a pleasure to the eye since the world began.

The Côte-des-Neiges line, as it is popularly called, emerges from the city abruptly, at Fletcher's Field, an historical spot. Your car, as it rapidly rolls up the slope of the lower spur of Mount Royal, passes over the ground trodden by the troops of the Imperial army on many a gala field day. In honor of the Queen's Birthday numerous reviews of the Canadian militia have been held here, and in line with them, on three or four occasions, have stood the soldiers of the United States. Upon one occasion the Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. N. G., attended by its chaplain, the great Henry Ward Beecher, came all the way from Brooklyn to do honor to the birthday of Victoria the Good, a delicate act of international courtesy that Canadians will not forget for many a year.

Montreal is a city with a history, and most of its great

institutions share the same distinction, for the early history of some of its institutions is the early history of the municipality. Take the Hôtel-Dieu, for instance. You pass it to the right, with its symmetrical dome and massive walls, as your car emerges out of Park Avenue and begins to traverse Fletcher's Field. This institution is the oldest in Montreal, having been founded in 1644, by Madame de Bouillon, a French lady of very high rank, who sent out 42,000 livres by the hands of Monsieur and Madame d'Ailleboust, to build a hospital in Montreal. As a matter of fact the establishment of this institution was one of the objects that led to the foundation of Montreal. Historians tell us that in 1636 the Abbé Olier, a zealous priest, while praying in the Church of St-Germain-des-Prés, in Paris, received a divine revelation to found, on the Island of Montreal, a society of priests for the propagation of the true faith in the new world. Led by various mystical guidings, he formed the acquaintance of Dauversière, a receiver of taxes in Anjou, whose mind had been prepared in a similar manner. These two men resolved to found upon this island three religious orders—one of priests, to preach the true faith; another of nuns, to nurse the sick; and a third, also of nuns, to educate the youth. The dream of these enthusiasts is to-day realized in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the hospital of the Hôtel-

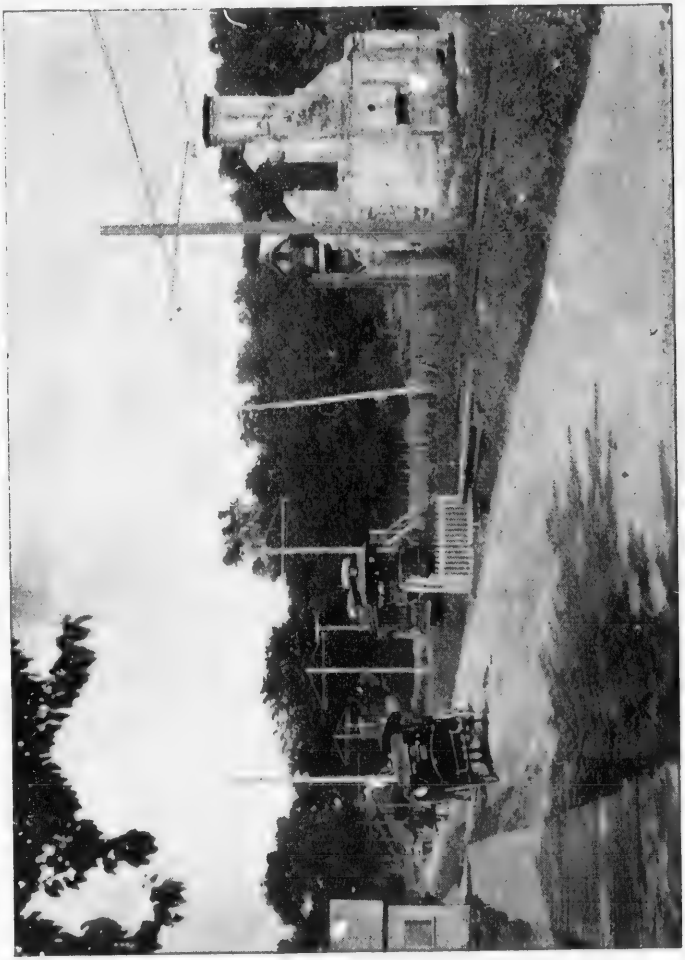


ON MOUNT ROYAL.

Dieu, and the schools of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre-Dame. Olier and Dauversière had very little money, but they found wealthy men ready to help them in their project, and in 1640 they bought the seigniory of the Island of Montreal, from the Company to whom it had been granted by the King of France. Then finding in Maisonneuve a suitable leader, they sent out in 1641, the colony which, in May, 1642, founded the city of Montreal. The present Hôtel-Dieu building was completed in 1861.

The citizens of Montreal remain true to the noble principles of charity and philanthropy, which animated the hearts of the founders of the city. From the opposite side of the car, from which you have been looking, you will remark a truly noble pile of stone buildings, gracing a conspicuous eminence at the foot of the main slope of Mount Royal. It is the Royal Victoria Hospital, built and endowed by Lord Mount Stephen and Sir Donald A. Smith, at an expense of one million dollars, in 1887, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. The highly ornate buildings are a fine specimen of the early baronial style of architecture.

As you rush along over the rolling green sward, you get a beautiful view of the boldest front of Mount Royal, the majestic height of land which gave at once to Montreal her name and her beauty. From your car window this side of the mountain appears to be even more precipitous than it really is, the result being a very impressive view. The huge, moss-covered rocks which project their jagged corners from the trees and brushwood give a solemnity to this aspect of Mount Royal which is missing on the other sides. But your car is humming along, and you soon pass the capacious exhibition grounds, where are annually held the Montreal industrial exhibitions, and where, after extensive additions have been made, the Canadian International Exhibition will be held in 1897.



TOLL-GATE AND RUIN—OUTREMONT.

Now you find yourself travelling through the well built streets of Montreal Annex—two years ago farm land—now a populous and bustling suburb. A sharp curve at right angles, to the left, brings you at close acquaintance with the Northern side of the mountain. As your car carries you swiftly along the Outremont Road you catch glimpses of palatial residences almost hidden among the dense groves on your left. To your right you overlook as pretty and home-like a succession of suburban villas as can be seen in the outskirts of London or New York, each house surrounded by a flower garden, prettier than the one next to it, if that were possible. Outremont is no longer a long straggling place of one main street and a fire station. New avenues are being opened out and many handsome homes have already been built upon them. The builder's hammer marks the time for the rich chorus of the song birds.

Beyond, to the north, is a lovely, peaceful pastoral scene, the beauty of which any one with a soul in his body could appreciate. Stately elms wave their spreading branches aloft over waving corn fields or verdant meadow lands. Rustic fences or picturesque hedges define the farms. Here a great blotch of dark green shows where a maple grove has been spared from the wood-man's axe; there, mathematically-straight stripes of other shades of green, indicate the location of orchards. Spots of bright red and pure white, amidst the prevailing greenery, locate the farm building. Tin covered spires, glittering high above the tallest trees, reveal the presence of the numerous village churches. For an instant or two you catch a distant glimmer of water. It is the Back River, and away beyond it again you have the heavy outline of the Laurentian Hills, forming a magnificent back-ground. Even when winter, the eternal symbol of jealousy, has revenged itself of this fertile beauty with harsh chuckles, there remains beauty in this landscape.

But there is something to interest you on the mountain side too. The line has gradually been drawing away from the main rise of the Mountain, and when, with another sharp curve to the left, your car turns round towards Maplewood, you realize that a village has sprung up as if by magic between the Outremont Road and the Mountain, another result of the construction of the Park and Island Railway. Between rows of pretty houses, the car climbs straight up the slope to a spot at the very base of the main slope of the Mountain.

ON THE BANK OF RIVIÈRE-DES-PRAIRIES (BACK RIVER)

As your car is about to turn off sharply to the right, you notice a busy scene ahead of you. An army of men appear to have set themselves the hopeless task of demolishing the Mountain that had been so prominent a feature of this landscape for thousands of years before the Garden of Eden. It is the corporation quarry, a perfect mine of wealth for the geologist. This quarry supplies the City Surveyor with the very hard stone used for road metal. Steam drills and stone crushers prepare the material on the spot, so that it has only to be crushed as required. There is apparently here an outpour of volcanic material, from the side of the Mountain, of a peculiar kind. The principal

part of the erupted rock consists of nepheline syenite, somewhat resembling that of Yamaska mountain. This is a comparatively rare mineral, being found in very few localities. That at Montreal contains much nepheline and in some parts fine crystals of natrolite, with here and there pieces of blue sodalite. The rare mineral Dawsonite, originally found behind McGill University and named after Sir W. J. Dawson, the distinguished geologist, has also been found here with others interesting to chemist and mineralogist. Very fine, though small, crystals of calcite have also been gathered. It is interesting to observe how the heart of this intrusive mass has changed the neighboring magnesian limestone into a crystalline marble.

When you left your car it was heading south, and straight for the beetling cliff of the Mountain. When you re-enter it, to continue the tour of the Mountain, (for it is really only one, though popularly spoken of as two) it turns off at right angles to the right. Here a broad avenue, apparently destined to be the Pine Avenue of Northern Montreal, makes a magnificent thoroughfare to Côte-des-Neiges. Fine houses are being built or have been built here, and picturesque homes they make, with the abrupt, maple-clad slope of the Mountain on one side and a perfect panorama of rural beauty on the other. The line reaches Côte-des-Neiges Road at a point midway between Lumpkin's and the Athletic Club House.

The Athletic Club House entertains a different snowshoe club every night of the week during the winter, when after the invigorating tramp over the Mountain, the members meet in the capacious hall to dance, to sing and to enjoy themselves generally before devoting themselves to the demolition, with neatness and despatch, of a snowshoe supper.

Just at present there is some doubt as to the future of the Athletic Club House, for it has not been a profitable enterprise lately, and it is proposed to sell it.

NURSERIES OF P. McKENNA & SON, NOTRE-DAME-DES-NEIGES,
near entrance to Roman Catholic Cemetery.

Côte-des-Neiges is chiefly known by its holding within its limits the Roman Catholic Cemetery for the city and district of Montreal, one of the most historical and picturesque cities of the dead on the continent of America. The Park and Island Railway has a station immediately adjoining one corner of the great burying ground, but many people have a preference for entering by the main entrance, which can be reached by five minutes' profitable walk along a shady country highway from the station on the Côte-des-Neiges Road. On the most imposing point in the cemetery, a monument which strikes the eye immediately upon entering the massive gates, of severely classical architecture, is a very tall obelisk of limestone, a monument erected to the Patriots of 1837, the men who were killed in the actions of the Rebellion of that year or executed after the uprising had been put down. Further back in the cemetery is a very handsome monument erected over the grave of the late Sir George E. Cartier, who was also a leader in the rebellion, but lived long enough afterwards to be the leader of the French Conservatives and to receive knighthood from the Queen in recognition of his services to the Crown.

The monument to the rebels of 1837-1838 was erected by subscriptions raised by the St. Jean-Baptiste Society and the Institut Canadien. While there only rests beneath its broad foundations the bones of a few of the men of the great Rebellion, the names of all of those who fell in the battles of St. Denis, St. Charles, St. Eustache and Lacolle are inscribed upon its face, as are also the names of the twelve rebels who were hanged in the court yard of the Montreal gaol for treason. To your right as you enter the cemetery, one of the first of the terrace of sepulchral vaults which will at once arrest your attention is that containing the mortal remains of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the illustrious Irishman, who, a rebel in Ireland, became a tory in Canada, rose to great eminence in the service of his

ENTRANCE TO MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY.

sovereign, and, dying at the hands of an assassin, was accorded an imposing public funeral. D'Arcy McGee was one of the first Irishmen of his day. A member of the "Young Irish Party" in 1848, he was a colleague of the celebrated Smith O'Brien, and for a time editor of the historical organ of the Irish agitation, "The Nation." Banished to Australia, he was a fellow convict with Chas. Gavin Duffy, who went to the great colony at the Antipodes a convict, became Prime Minister, rendered distinguished service to the colony and the Empire, and returned to Ireland, Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, K. C. M. G. A few feet away from McGee's vault is that of the late Honoré Mercier, for some years the favorite tribune and hero of the French Canadian race. Not very far away is the grave of the late Sir Louis H. Lafontaine, the father of responsible government in Canada. An object of considerable historical interest to the Canadian is a plain coffin-shaped block of limestone covering a grave some distance back in the cemetery, near the southern limit of the graves. The inscription which was once there is quite undecipherable, so much of the face of the hard stone has been chipped off by relic hunters. Could you read the obliterated letters you would learn that this is the grave of the late Joseph Guibord, who died about 1870. Being a member of the Institut Canadien, a society proscribed by the Roman Catholic Church, burial in consecrated ground in the Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery was refused by the church authorities. Litigation followed, and finally the case was taken to the very foot of the Throne. Then the order to permit the burial in the family lot was obtained. Meantime for some four or five years the casket containing the dust of Guibord had been deposited in the receiving vault of the Protestant Cemetery. When the removal was attempted under the order of the Privy Council the Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery gates were closed in front of the hearse, and a mob, gathered outside, pelted the

"We cut through gardens filled with dear old-fashioned flowers."

vehicle with stones, and the driver had to drive away for his life. The services of twelve hundred soldiers had to be called into requisition, before the authority of the law was asserted and the mandate of the highest court in the realm could be put into effect, an imposing display surely for the funeral of a modest printer. One of the features of the Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery is the "Way of the Cross," a series of stations illustrating the fourteen scenes in the progress of Our Saviour to the cross. On the highest peak in the cemetery the series terminates with a life-size representation of the Crucifixion. The faithful of the various parishes in the Diocese of Montreal make periodical pilgrimages to this "Way of the Cross," the scene when such a function is in progress being most impressive to the spectator.

Religious distinctions have to be preserved after death, and a fence separates the Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery from the Protestant burial ground—Mount Royal Cemetery. The latter is, in several respects, the more picturesque cemetery of the two. From its upper slopes can be had what is certainly one of the most lovely scenes in this world of loveliness. Your gaze passes from the silent abode of Montreal's dead, across the beautiful valleys, the green fields, the trim orchards, and the church-adorned and peaceful villages of the Island of Montreal, to where Lake St. Louis, its wavelets rippling in the sun, shines round its emerald-like islands as if it were a sea of crystal. On the great monuments of this cemetery appear the names of Sir Hugh Allan, of the Gillespies, the McTavishes, the Torrances, the Molsons, the Mackays, the Gaults, and of many other of the merchant princes of by-gone days. Just across the gorgeous bit of landscape gardening, immediately inside the chaste entrance gate, is the monument to young Hackett, the Orangeman killed in the Twelfth of July row, on Victoria Square, some years ago, an incident which, it

SAULT-AU-RECOLLET RAPIDS.

was feared for a long time afterwards would result in further effusions of blood.

This incident stirred up considerable ill feeling between the various religious denominations at the time; but this has long since disappeared. As Dr. S. E. Dawson, (to whose "Hand-book" I owe most grateful acknowledgment) puts it: "There is in Montreal, a vast amount of tolerant feeling in religious matters, which quietly tides over disputes when they threaten to be dangerous, and demonstrates, alike in Protestant and Roman Catholic, the falseness of Rousseau's maxim that it is impossible to live at peace with people whom one believes to be eternally lost." In the old times, just after the conquest, the Protestants used one of the Roman churches for worship after the morning mass. For twenty years after 1766 the Church of England people occupied the Church of the Recollets every Sunday afternoon. The Presbyterians used the same church before 1792, and when the congregation moved to their first church in St. Gabriel Street, they presented to the priests of the Recollet Church a gift of candles for the high altar and of wine for the mass, as a token of good will and thanks for the gratuitous use of the church. This truly is an incident, of which Montrealers have good cause to be proud, and conveys a lesson, which, it is hoped, will never be forgotten.

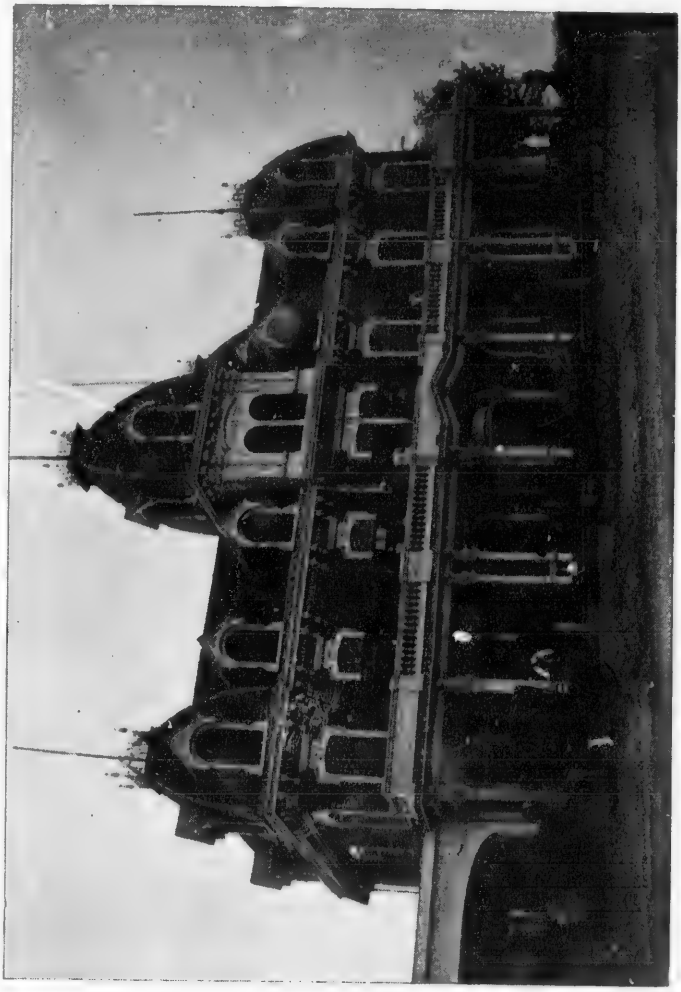
Another point of attraction for visitors to this cemetery is the magnificent monument erected over the graves of nearly a dozen members of the Montreal Fire Brigade who have lost their lives, at different times, in the discharge of their dangerous duties.

From a point near the dividing line between the two cemeteries runs a drive and pathway affording easy access to the Pines, the "outlook" and the other points of attraction on the summit of Mount Royal, the most picturesque and attractive part of the celebrated Mountain Park.

VILLA MARIA CONVENT, (recently destroyed by fire).

Within a very short time a branch of the Park and Island Railway will run direct to this very point.

Mount Royal Park covers 430 acres and was acquired by the city in 1874. It was laid out by Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead, who also planned Central Park in New York, and had had wide experience in landscape gardening. Mr. Olmstead's ruling principle in laying out the Mountain Park was that it was only by following in the lines which nature had already laid down, and by bringing these half hidden, but characteristic beauties fully to light by the resources of art, that the most could be made of the wonderful possibilities of the magnificent property. Mr. Olmstead, in his plans, calls the highest parts of the Mountain, the Upperfell. Lower, on the southern spur, near the spot known as "the Pines," is what he calls the Brachenfell. The expanse of rolling, grassy, park-like turf to the West, he calls the glades. The steep declivities around which winds the ascending road, he calls the cliffs. The forest land through which this serpentine road passes is the Underfell.[27] The land towards the northeast, he calls Cragsfoot. At the north end of the Mountain is Piedmont, and the level plain which stretches out towards St. Jean-Baptiste Village, known vulgarly as Fletcher's Fields, he designates Côte Placide.



HOTEL PELOQUIN—BACK-RIVER.

THE views over the surrounding country are unsurpassed. On the south, across the broad shipping-laden St. Lawrence, is the level prairie dotted with villages, from Laprairie, in the distant bay on the right, to Varennes. The mountains rising abruptly from the plain are commencing from the west, Monnoir, or Johnson, Shefford, Rougemont, with Yamaska behind it, Belœil and Montarville. In the remote distances are the Adirondacks in New York, westward, and the Green Mountains in Vermont, to the south.

And then the view of the city itself, a bird's eye view of which has been thus described by Mr. W. D. Howells:—"So far as the eye reaches, it dwells only upon what is magnificent. All the features of the landscape are grand. Below you spreads the city, which has less that is merely mean in it than any other city on our continent, and which is everywhere ennobled by stately civic edifices, adorned with tasteful churches, and skirted by full-foliaged avenues of mansions and villas. * * * As our travellers gazed upon all this grandeur their hearts were humbled to the tacit admission that the colonial metropolis was not only worthy of its seat, but had traits of a solid prosperity not excelled by any of the abounding and boastful cities of the Republic."

But to return to Côte-des-Neiges. At a few minutes walk from the cemetery gates can be seen the ruins of an old house said to have been the scene of one of the most momentous incidents in the history of America. If tradition

ELECTRIC PARK—SAULT-AU-RECOLLET.

speaks truly, here was signed, in September, 1760, by the French Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and the British General, Amherst, the terms of the surrender of Montreal and the capitulations of Canada. In this modest building was done the deed which settled the future of Canada as a portion of the British Empire and banished for ever the fleur-de-lys from the soil of America.

SAULT-AU-RECOLLET PARISH CHURCH.

Two public institutions at Côte-des-Neiges, the College of Notre-Dame, and the Monastery of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, challenge notice. The former institution, which occupies a splendid pile of buildings erected on a picturesque site, facing the precipitous, wooded slopes of the Mountain, was founded in 1869 by a French order, who were invited to come to Canada by Mgr. Bourget. This is the Provincial house of the order, and most of the two hundred students in attendance, are English-speaking Roman Catholic lads from the United States.

The Monastery of the Sisters of the Precious Blood was founded in 1874. The sisters are an order of cloistered nuns who spend their time in perpetual adoration. Their dress is a plain gown of white, caught up at the waist in a blood red girdle or sash. From the time they enter the gloomy monastery walls, they are practically dead to the world. At long, stated intervals they are allowed to converse with their nearer relatives through a small barred wicket, but further communication with the outside world

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, NEAR MONTREAL.

they are not permitted. None may enter the sacred precincts of the cloister but the Archbishop of the Diocese and the Governor-General of Canada as representing the Sovereign.

Re-entering our car where we left it, we soon find ourselves running rapidly along, in a westerly direction, down a wide thoroughfare, past fine country residences, gentlemen farmers' establishments and a couple of extensive sugar maple bushes that would be a credit to the Eastern Townships. As you descend a great ridge, you have spread before you in a panorama the splendid farms of the Côte St. Luc Plain, while beyond, in the far distance, you survey at one glance the whole glittering expanse of Lake St. Louis and distinguish the location of the more popular summer resorts on the shores of that broad sheet of water. The domes and spires of Lachine can be distinctly made out, while the distant spire of the Pointe Claire Church can be easily distinguished on a clear day. Ere long you pass into the boundaries of the parish of Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, and, after passing an abrupt curve to the left, you soon arrive on the edge of the height of land overlooking the southern part of Westmount, formerly Côte St. Antoine; the new municipality of Kensington, the manufacturing suburbs of St. Henri and Côte St. Paul and the St. Lawrence River. A glimmering streak of white in the right distance, through the tree tops, indicates the furious tumult of the Lachine Rapids. After a considerable descent, another curve to the left, and a rapid run through orchards and market gardens brings us to the very centre of Westmount, the fashionable West End residential suburb, and also to our connection with the Montreal Street Railway system.

In a few months a line of the Park and Island Railway will connect the section of the system we have just passed over with Rockfield and Lachine.

St. Laurent College,

NEAR MONTREAL.

(*See Illustration, page 29.*)

This College was incorporated by act of Parliament in 1849 and is directed by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It is

Affiliated with Laval University

and has the power to grant to the graduates of its Classical Course the Degree of B.A.

Its Commercial Course

fits young men for commercial life, and all the accomplishments required for business success; Type-writing and Short-hand, Book-keeping, Banking, Mathematics, etc., are taught by competent masters.

Religious Training

is also carefully looked to.

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President,

ST. LAURENT, P.Q.

But we have passed several points of interest. The large stone building, surrounded by charred ruins of a more stupendous edifice, to the left, on the western spur of the Mountain ridge, are what is left of Ville-Marie Convent, the Alma Mater of many of the most fashionable ladies of Canada and the United States. The imposing main building, which was the home of one thousand nuns and pupils, was destroyed three years ago, but will soon rise again from its ashes. This is the Mother House of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre-Dame, the religious community founded in 1653, by Marguerite Bourgeois, for the purpose of affording instruction to the youth of Canada. The order includes one thousand and seventy-four nuns, scattered over all parts of America, from Alaska to New Mexico, and having no less than twenty-four thousand pupils in their charge.

Monklands is the name of the site of Ville Marie Convent, and it has a history of national importance. When Montreal was the seat of Government for Canada, Monklands was the official residence of the governors-general. The plain square stone building now incorporated in the convent was the Governor's residence, the long characteristic looking building, six hundred yards south-east from it being the barracks of the regular cavalry troop, doing duty as vice-regal escort. When the Tories of Montreal very practically demonstrated the sincerity of their disapproval of the Rebellion Losses Bill by rotten-egging the then Governor-General, Lord Elgin, father of the present Viceroy of India, and incidentally burned down the Parliament buildings, the seat of government was removed from Montreal, and Monklands was sold.

So much for the round-the-Mountain route. Now for a run out to the Back River. We can board the car anywhere on St. Lawrence Street, or on Craig Street, westward as far as Chenneville. As the car passes through St. Louis

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Pressure same night and morning, no matter what pressure is on the main.

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

du Mile End you pass close by the immense excavations from which have been hewn and blasted the great stone buildings which are the just pride of Montreal.

The quarries at Mile End have for many years supplied the beautiful building stone which adds so much to the appearance of our city. It is found in great abundance and can be obtained in large slabs. Fortunately it exactly suits the climate, neither the extreme heat or hardest frost affecting it as may be seen in the oldest buildings in the city. This fact was certainly unknown to a British scientist, who, in one of his published works, stated that the climate of Canada was so severe that outside stonework required to be painted over to secure it from the effects of the severe frost. This limestone is also well suited for rough carving and much of it when polished makes a pretty marble. It was formed in the Silurian period and some of the strata contain well preserved forms of the creatures who lived at that time, particularly Calymene, Trinunculus, Lingula, Strophomena, Orthis, Rhynconella, Camarella, Orthoceratitis, Conularia, Crinoids, etc. Above the limestone is a deposit of pleistocene age in which may be found Saxicava, Macoma, Greenlandican, Astarte, Laurentina, Natica, Mytilus and that rare shell Choristes elegans, with others peculiar to that period.

Your car emerges into the open fields at the C. P. R. crossing, near the Mile End station, and follows rather a zig-zag course to Sault-au-Récollet. The route is first across the fields to the capacious lacrosse grounds of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, the best equipped athletic grounds in Canada. The line is double-tracked to this point. Thence along the side of an apparently virgin bush, the route runs through the northern limits of St. Denis Boulevard and Amherst Park, where may be said to be located the city outposts, for out here, where it is too far away to distinguish the picturesque residences of Outremont,

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUES.

on the mountain side, city mechanics are buying bush lots, clearing the sites and building houses for themselves. Forty or fifty humble dwellings, erected close together in one spot, resemble more a clearing in the backwoods than the embryonic suburb of a great city.

A pull of the bell to start again after a stop, to let off a hard handed son of toil who has spent the night at work in the city, and the car glides through as pretty a bit of bush cutting as one would expect to see on a colonization railway in the far north. Another backwoods-like settlement, with men at work, pulling up stumps in what will some of these days be their front gardens ; another stretch of virgin forest and presto ! Change !

Here is presented to your view a scene perfectly ravishing in its rustic beauty. Across a wide shallow valley, you gaze down a park-like slope to the Rivière-des-Prairies or Back River. The pastures, the cattle, the cultivated fields, the group of people at work, the elms, the maple groves, the picturesque farm buildings, the church steeples make up a noble picture. The greens of the foliage, the blue and white of the sky, the silver sheen of the river, everything is beautiful. Here and there appears a clump of sumach, noteworthy and oriental in its blaze of dark green and purple foliage and scarlet fruit.

And what a grand opportunity an electric railway affords for seeing and enjoying a rare bit of scenery like this. The windows of your cozily equipped car are wide open, every one of them. You are in no danger of being choked by dust or blinded by cinders, for there are neither cinders nor dust on this electric railway. The absence of the torturing cinder is easily understood, and the absence of the equally annoying dust is just as easy to explain. The Park and Island Railway tracks are ballasted with stone, broken macadam, securing at once a solid road bed and freedom from dust. So solid is the road bed that noise and

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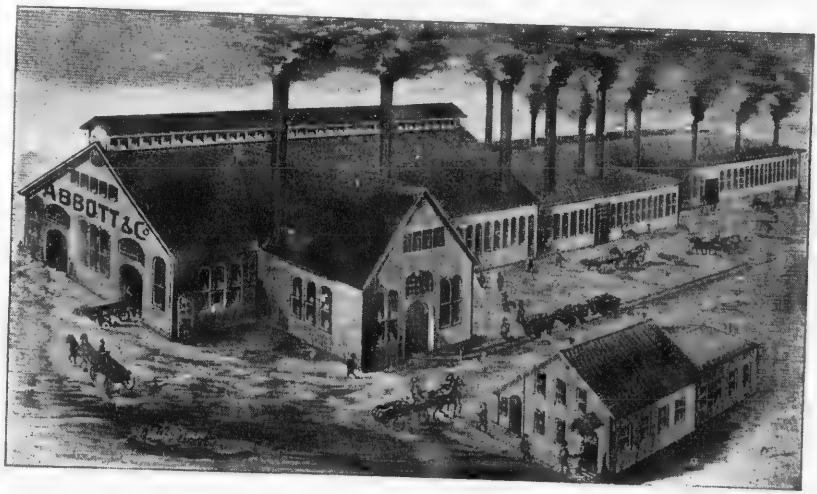

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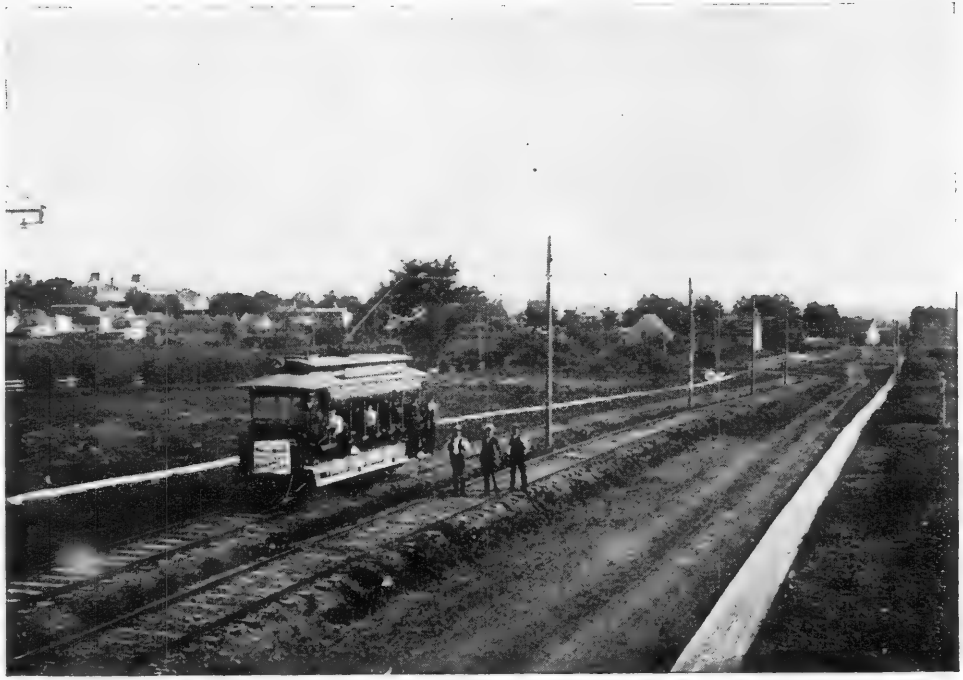

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jolting are reduced to the minimum. The cars glide along with an easy rolling motion and with the windows wide open you can carry on conversation as easily as if you were in your own drawing room. It is certainly the nearest approach to perfection we have in the way of travelling ashore.

Meantime we are getting along towards Back River or Sault-au-Récollet. We have come across fields redolent of new mown hay and we have cut through some grand gardens, filled with those dear old-fashioned flowers our grandmother used to love, but which somehow or another have gone out of fashion for the sake of some of these new fangled annuals which are not half as pretty. The car glides along swiftly, but you have time to distinguish, among the treasures of the "habitants" gardens, the gay scarlet lychnis, the blue and white lupin, the digitalis, the quaint columbine, the old-fashioned tiger lily, the sweet-william, the bleeding heart and the perennial phlox. The old-fashioned little French farm houses recall old times, and it is a fitting impression to have upon your mind when you approach Sault-au Récollet, for its honest old world quaintness and quiet, so close as it is to Nineteenth Century bustle, ugliness and sham, is one of its chiefest charms.

In another minute, the car stops at the pretty little station near Peloquin's Hotel, a well-known and capacious hostelry, kept by a man whose name is a household word to the people of Montreal. Peloquin's Hotel has for years been a favorite resort for driving parties, and the Montreal Tendem Club made it one of their regular stopping places to break their winter afternoon drive. We are in Sault-au-Récollet now, but the line runs a full mile down the river bank to the other end of the village. Before the railway was built, the village was confined to the river bank, city people are now building villas along broad avenues opened up at right angles to this main thoroughfare.

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SAULT-AU-RÉCOLLET is the proper name of the place, and that the popular name, Back River came to be so generally used, is a pity, for the former name perpetuates a martyrdom ; the English name means nothing, and it is palpably commonplace. Sault-au-Récollet recalls the heroic days of Canada, when a mere handful of pious men were carrying their lives in their hands in the rash, daring hope of subduing this vast country and its savage inhabitants into submission to France and the Roman Catholic Church.

The Récollet Friars, as early as 1620, began the erection of a convent near Quebec, although the whole population, including the monks, did not exceed 50 souls. But such was the devotional spirit of the time that different monastic orders were enabled through the liberality of the pious in France to found amidst the Canadian wilds vast establishments of education and beneficence which are still the boast of the French Canadians. In 1618 Pope Paul IV. accorded, at the instance of the French Ambassador, the charge of missions in Canada to the Récollets of Paris. Several of these religious men lived and died among the natives, and they were the only missionaries in the colony until 1624, when Father Le Ciat gave an invitation to a few Jesuits to come over from France. As the Récollets were the earliest missionaries to Canada, so were they the first to disappear from it.

It was soon after the Récollets came to Canada, that

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Father Nicholas Vien, an intrepid member of the o der, undertook a long journey into the interior with Huron Indians as guides. The missionary's canoe, it is supposed by the design of the Indians, was upset in the rapids at Sault-au-Récollet, and Father Vien was drowned, hence the name given to the rapids and transferred to the village. These historical rapids are well worth a long trip to see, for their beauty alone. It is a most picturesque rapid, and as

SAULT-AU-RECOLLET—PRESENT TERMINUS STATION.

you stand immediately over it on the substantial bridge, gazing upon the turbulent mass of plunging, roaring water, you feel at once awed and fascinated.

Sault-au-Récollet is a typical French Canadian village; in many respects the most characteristic on the Island of Montreal. Its main street with its little houses, its French ovens, its old way-side crosses and its old-fashioned gardens, might be taken for a section of one of the quaint country roads about Quebec. The parish called La Visitation was founded in 1736. Its parish church, the original of which was built in 1751, twenty-five years before the United States declared their independence, is a splendid specimen of the

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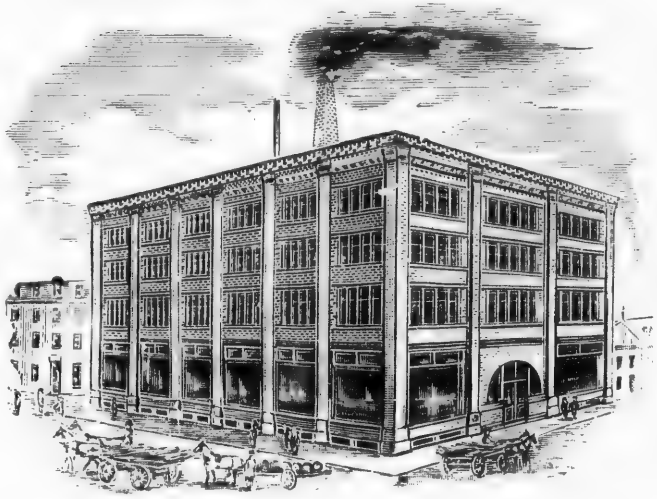

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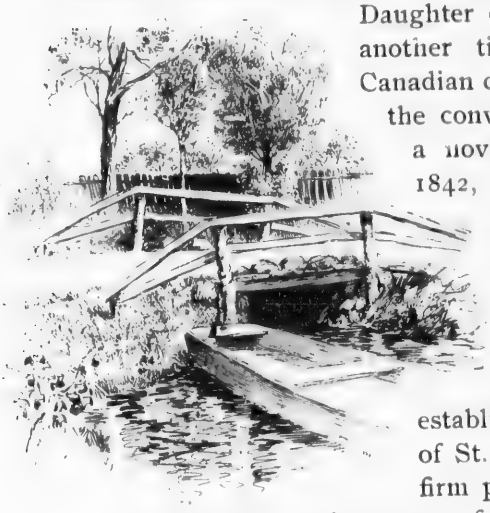
old-fashioned Roman style of architecture so popular last century in our country parishes. Perhaps the glory, though, of Sault-au-Récollet, is its convent, the famous Sacred Heart Convent, where have been educated the daughters of many of the leading families of the United States and of Canada. Among its pupils it, at one time, numbered Miss Davis, the daughter of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederated States, and still lovingly called in the South, the Daughter of the Confederacy. At another time Albani, the great Canadian cantatrice, was a pupil at the convent. The Jesuits have a novitiate here, founded in 1842, where young clergymen are trained for the militant order of the Jesuits. The Brothers of St. Gabriel also have a novitiate and a school here, while in 1877 there was established near by the Home of St. Janvier for aged and infirm priests.



The Back River is not one of those streams which is too idle to grind the corn that grows upon its banks, but provides a considerable water power. So far a paper mill is the chief industry of the place, and lovers of the picturesque will hope that commercial enterprise will never be allowed to interfere with the natural beauties and quaint antiquities of Sault-au-Récollet.

Such radical handmaids of Nineteenth-Century civilization as telephones and electric railways, are no respecters of antiquities, they tell us; but it is doubtful whether the charge is just. A general sacrifice of the historical mile stones which mark the course of our country's short and

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rough, but none the less glorious, career is not essential to modern progress. By bringing beautiful and interesting spots within the easy reach of the city and the tourist the electric railway is doing its part towards saving from oblivion and neglect many places hallowed by historical associations and consecrated by natural beauty.

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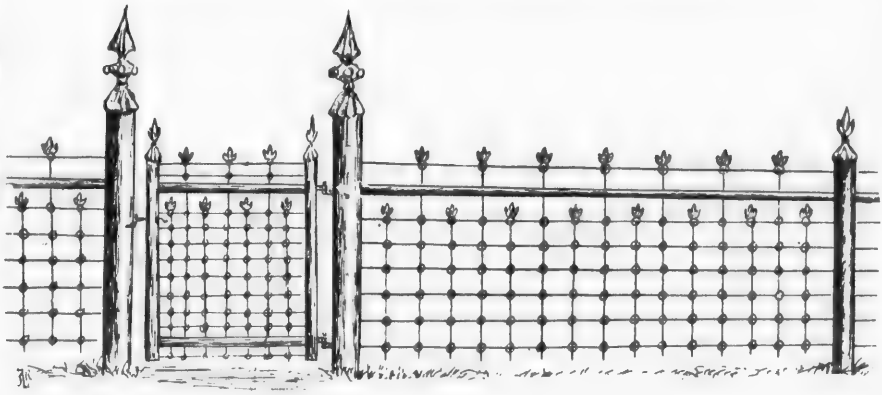

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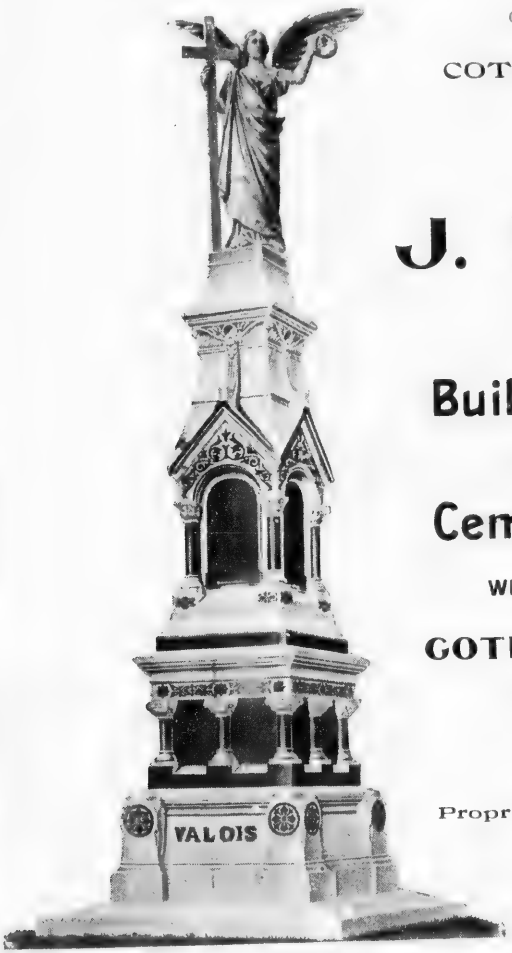

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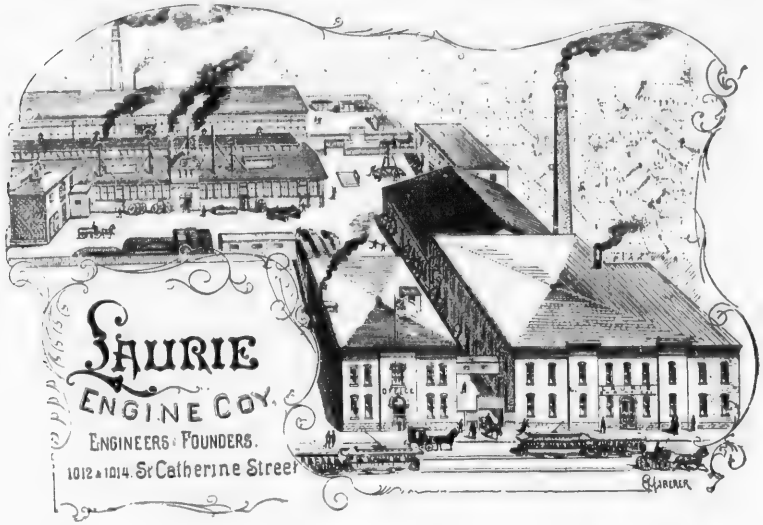

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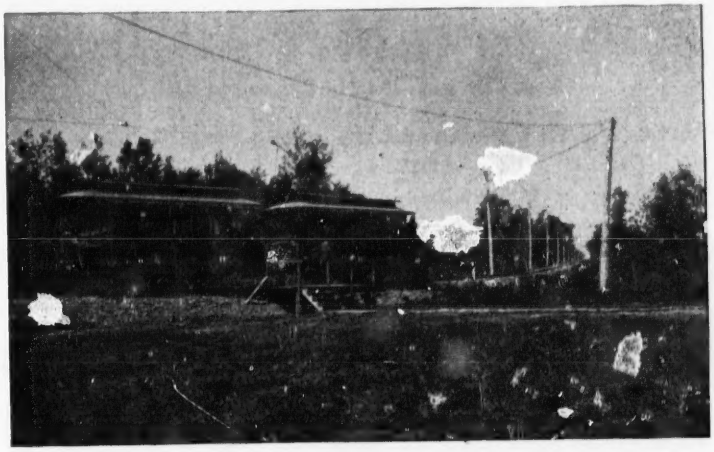

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